

THE *Pall-Mall* Miscellany.

CONTAINING,

Many curious Pieces in Prose and Verse;
with Variety of new Songs, adapted to
old Ballad Tunes and Country Dances.

Amongst about 20 others are the following, *viz.*

The Rape of the *Golden-Hair*; or, the Defeat of *P. Alexis* by the Miller's Wife. A facetious Ballad. To the Tune of, *To all you Ladies now on Land.*

The T R Y A L of Mr. *Harvey* of *Chippenham* in *Wiltshire*, for having Criminal Conversation with the Wife of Mr. *Gouldney*, an Attorney of *Chippenham* aforesaid. Try'd at the Sittings of the *Common-Pleas, Westminster*, on Friday, Jan. 28, 1731-2, for which the Plaintiff recover'd 1000 l. Damages.

The *Irish Absentees* new Litany; and the Character of an *Irish Absentee*. Inscib'd to the E. of *L-q-y*.

The Lucky Dwarf; or, the Marriage of a young *Lady-Lord* to a Carbuncle, Rich Heirefs. A Ballad. To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound.*

The Maiden-Wife; or, Nature Padlock'd; being a curious Poem on a certain young Dutcheß who was made a Woman by *Art*, and restored to her Duke some Time after Separation.

Advice from L. H---y to Miss *M-d-ws.*

The Six firisky Maids; or, the Amours of *P. Alexis*. A new Ballad. To the Tune of, *Presty Parrot say, &c.*

A new Court ballad. To the Tune of, *Of a noble Race was Shinkin.*

The Chaste Lovers; or, Kissing more Substantial than Coirion.

On discovering a Maiden Lady sleeping with her Face veil'd in a Morning. By a Youth.

Two Satyrs on Marriage; and one on a Female Mischief-maker.

A Funeral Poem on the Death of Mrs. *Gascoigne.*

*As in a Landskip, here you see,
Depicted in Epitome,
Variety of Forms and Matter;
Here Humour, Wit; there Spleen and Satyr;
And if with these I cannot win ye,
Why then I say the Devil's in ye.*

The Second Edition, with Additions.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. JAMES, near Fleet-Street.

(Price One Shilling.)



To the R E A D E R.

PR E F A C E S and Dedications are as much in Vogue, as short Swords and low-beel'd Shoes; but if you think that this Simile has too near a Resemblance of the Profound, we will draw nearer to the Sublime, and say, they are as much in Fashion as Toupee-Perukes and Embroidered Cloaths; and truly a Book without the Preface, would appear as ridiculous to the Eye of a Fopling, as he himself would in a spruce Bob and stiffen'd Beaver.

As for Prefaces, I will ingeniously acknowledge, that they have been of little Signification of late Years, other than to forestal the Reader's Judgment, whereby they make themselves Masters of their Passions before they can convince their Reason; but as a Man had as good be out of the World, as out of the Fashion, I think there is an indispensable Duty incumbent upon me to chime in with the Times.

Well then, in this Miscellany, the Reader will find Wit, Satyr, and spleen, and I am not apprehensive that
the

TO the READER.

the Author can incur the Displeasure of any Man, except a POPE, who, questionless, will proclaim War against him for invading his Provinces; and I expect to see him damnably maul'd by the Grubs, whose Lucubrations are of great Emoluments to the Chandlers and Pastrey-Cook. But be that as it will, I am certain that the Coquet will lay this Miscellany under her Pillow every Night; it will be a Companion for the Prude in her Closet, and she will read it oftener, and with more Fervency, than her Prayer-Book. The Beau, provided he has had such an advantageous Education as to have learned to read, will get all the Songs by Heart; and to Sing as he saunters along, is somewhat more polite than to Whistle when he Walks; and I persuade my self, that there is not a Belle in the Kingdom, who would not rather have it, than her Tea or Chocholate in a Morning, for Reasons which I decline to mention. So that upon the whole, I make no manner of Doubt, but the Bookseller will reap the Advantage of many Impressions.

The



THE
Pall-Mall Miscellany.

*The RAPE of the Golden Hair ; or,
the Rencounter between P. Alexis, and
the Miller's Wife. A new Ballad.*

Tune of, To all you Ladies now on Land.

I.

YOU Virgins who do love the *Game*,
Which you with Joy would try ;
You married Dames who love the *same*,
And would in Transport die ;
Unto my Ditty now give Ear,
I sing the Rape of *Golden Hair*,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

B

II. No

II.

No *Vulgar* Hair, but Tresses long
 I for my Theme do chuse ;
 Those Tresses shall adorn my Song,
 And please the smiling Muse,
 Who laughs to see the *Youth* enclin'd,
 To stoop so low, and be so kind,
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

III.

Alexis was the Shepherd's Name,
 Of Royal Parents born ;
 A *Miller's Wife* encreas'd his Flame,
 Which she disdain'd with Scorn ;
 She tore his Hair, and scratch'd his Face,
 O direful Stigmas of Disgrace !
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

IV.

'Tis an ill Wind, the Proverb says,
 That does blow good to no Man ;
 Then give the *Millers Wife* due Praise,
 Since *Hair-Rings* are so common ;
 For she can furnish great and small,
 And *Hair* she has enough for all,
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

(7)

A S O N G.

LUCINDA has the Devil and all,
Of the bright Thing we Beauty call;
But if she yields not to my Arms,
Why, what care I for all her Charms ?
Beauty's the Sauce to Love's high Meat;
But who minds Sauce, that must not eat ?
It is indeed a mighty Treasure ;
But in the using lies the Pleasure.
Thus Bullies who can only see't,
Damn all the Gold in *Lombard-Street*.



A B A L L A D.

Tune of, *Of a noble Race was Shinkin.*

ALL in the Land of *Cider*,
Near to *Brompton Brion*,
Such a Prank was play'd,
Betwixt Man and Maid,
As made all Saints cry, *Fie on !*

'Twas gentle *John* and *Susan*,
Were at that Recreation,
Which all Men must grant,
If not in a Saint,
Is perfect Fornication.

B 2

Both

Both Morning, Noon and Evening,
 Brisk *John* was at her Crupper,
 And got in her Geers
 Six Times before Pray'rs,
 And sev'n Times after Supper.

Now *John* was well provided,
 And *Susan* lov'd Coition ;
 Which brought the poor Youth,
 To tell you the Truth,
 Too oft to Repetition.

But *John* being brisk and airy,
 In fine did so solace her,
 That poor *Susan's* Waste,
 Being loosely lac'd,
 Shew'd Signs of Babe of Grace, Sir.

Which when the Knight perceived,
 That *Susan* had been fining,
 And the wicked Lafs,
 For want of some Grace,
 Lov'd Sporting more than Spinning.

To purge his House from Scandal,
 And filthy Fornication,
 And of such bad Crimes
 To shew the good Times,
 His utter Detestation :

He

He took Bed, Rug and Bolster,
 With Blankets, Sheets and Pillows;
 With *Jonny's* coarse Frock,
 And *Susan's* fine Smock,
 And burnt them in the Kill-House.

And every vile Utensil,
 On which they had been wicked;
 From Forms, Chairs and Stools,
 Old Trunks, and Close stools,
 Down to the three-leg'd Cricket.

But had each Thing defiled
 Been burnt at *Brompton Brion*,
 The World sure would grant,
 The Knight soon would want
 A Bed himself to lie on.



The Irish Absentees new LITANY.

FROM a Country full of *Rebellion* and *Treason*;
 From a People not *Honest*, but void of all *Reason*;
 From *running* of *Goods*, which is ne'er out of *Season*,
Good Lord deliver us.

From dry'd-up *Potatoes*, without any *Butter*;
 From unwholsome *Waters*, which gives the wild *Squiter*;
 From *Priests* that in *Latin* to *Blockheads* do mutter,
Good Lord deliver us.

From

From an *Absentee Irishman*, with large Estate,
 Who leaves his dear Country, in *England* to wait;
 And spends his whole *Substance*, to make himself Great,
Good Lord deliver us.

From whoring *Bogtrotters*, of Footman's Degree;
 Who come here, and swear that their Pedigree,
 First sprung from late *Ormond's* brave Family,
Good Lord deliver us.

From *Women* whose Features would frighten the Devil;
 From *Children*, whose Skins are like Orange of *Seville*;
 And are bred from the Womb to all Manner of Evil,
Good Lord deliver us.

From thick *Bonny-Clauber*, Medicine for Witches;
 From *Ufquebaugh*, lov'd by all drunken Bitches;
 From *Vermine*, which makes 'em scratch where it itches,
Good Lord deliver us.

From getting of *Children*, and nothing to keep 'em;
 From getting of *Corn-Fields*, where idle *Lubbers* wont
 (reap 'em;
 From *Fleas* where People by Bushels may sweep 'em,
Good Lord deliver us.

From wretchedly living in a damn'n low Condition;
 From *Beggars*, whose Pride for great Places Petition;
 Or else from the Dung-hill wou'd bear a *Commission*,
Good Lord deliver us.

From *Irish* Officers where-ever they be,
 Who fight against *England* by Land or by Sea,
 And treat bold *Britons* with damn'd Cruelty;
Good Lord deliver us.

From *Mayors* full as foolish as guzzling *Church-Wardens*;
 From *Dublin*, full of Whores as the *Spring Gardens*;
 From a *Papist* whose Heart against *Protestant* hardens,
Good Lord deliver us.

From

(11)

From running o'er *Bogs*, in all Sorts of Weather;
From wearing flat *Brogues*, of nasty hard *Leather*;
From wearing slight *Trowsers* which scarce hang to-
(gether,
Good Lord deliver us.

From going bare-foot, both *Summer* and *Winter*;
From wearing a *Smock* 'till its blacker than *Tinder*;
From *Poets*, whose *Parts* will never reach *Pindar*;
Good Lord deliver us.

From *Knights* of the *Post*, against *Innocents* swearing;
From *Doxies*, whose *Mouths* for raw *Flesh* are staring,
And their *Presumption* of *Mens Breeches* wearing,
Good Lord deliver us.

From *Lice*, *Itch*, and *Seabs*, the *Plague* of the Nation;
From *Pimps*, who claim rich *Men* to be their Relation,
And of their blind *Way* of gaining *Salvation*,
Good Lord deliver us.

From *Cook-Maids* as nasty as any *Gold-finder*;
From *Pastors* as blind as a *Beetle*, or blinder;
From *Strumpets*, whom *Money* makes never the kinder,
Good Lord deliver us.

From trading with *France*, to get ourselves *Riches*;
From often cooling our *Courage* in *Ditches*;
T'assuage the rebellious *Flesh* in the *Breaches*.
Good Lord deliver us.

From *Blind* leading blind *Folks*, and *Cripples* the *Cripple*;
From going to *Church* without any *Steeple*;
From *Ropes* without *Bells*, to ring in the *People*,
Good Lord deliver us.

From *Rapparees* meddling with *Travelers Purses*;
From *Servants* as base, as damn'd *Parish Nurses*;
From *Teaguelanders* full of *Damnation* and *Curses*,
Good Lord deliver us.

*The Character of an Absentee Irishman,
Addressed to the E. of I——n.*

THAT there have been *False*, as well as *True* Prophets, is what none but Infidels will deny; and it will hold good also in Respect of Patriots. It has always been an established Maxim, as well among the Ancients as Moderns, that he who does not consult and promote, to the utmost of his Endeavour, the Welfare and Prosperity of his Country, is so far from deserving the Name of a Patriot, that he is in reality his Country's Enemy, and that he looks upon her to be no other than a Stepmother.

IF these Positions be true, which no Man of common Sense and Reason will offer to contravert, what Opinion must we have of the *Irish Absentees*? It may be objected, perhaps, that urgent Business compels them to remain in *England*. To this I answer, that supposing this Plea to be literally true, yet I must beg leave to say, that their Business, how important soever it may be, does not employ their *whole* Time for a Series of Years together, and therefore as they have frequent Vacations, they should spend the Months of their Recess in visiting their native Country, and therefore to Relieve and Support her in her necessitous Condition; but instead of performing such a Piece of Gratitude,

Gratitude, they most *ungratefully* exhaust her *vital Spirits*, at the same Time that they ought to administer *rich Cordials* to her.

BUT what Plea or Excuse can be given for these *Absentees*, who have no Emyloyments in *England*, nor any other Business than to squander away their Money, which, if they had any natural Affection for their own Country, ought to be spent there; such *Deserters* deserve to have a greater Mulct laid upon them than four Shillings in the Pound; and if I were a Member in the House of Commons in *Ireland*, I would move that a Bill might be brought in, and oblige all *Absentees* to pay ten Shillings in the Pound, and yet not think it an Hardship upon them.

I would willingly know what Reasons they can give not to Support the Place of their Nativity. I must allow, indeed, that the Itch of Gaming, a Vice too much in Fashion at present, is one of their strongest Motives; but if they are determined to nourish this Offspring of *Covetousness*, it would be less culpable in them to do it in their own Country, whereby Money, which is so scarce a Commodity there, would circulate, and the Kingdom receive the Benefit of it. Besides, it is too well known that they are an Eye-sore to the *English*, who values them no more than an Host does his Guests; that is, no longer than they keep their Purses open.

IF the *Belle* or *Beau-Monde* pleases them; if they are captivated with polite Conversation; if Rural Diversions, or a City Life, hit their Fancy; if a fine Equipage and nice Eating and Drinking be their Choice; then, I say, they may be supplied with all these in *Ireland*, as well as in *England*; nor is there any thing to be had in the latter but what may be obtained in the former and even at a much cheaper Rate.

WHAT then shall we say of these *Irish Absentees* who do all that in them lies, to impoverish their Country? How could they take it ill, if they were charged with Pride, Vanity, Ambition, Folly; wilful Neglect and Disrespect of their native Country, and to sum up all in one Word, if we should call them *Ungrateful*.

*****?*****?*****

*On discovering a Maiden Lady sleeping
with her Face veil'd in a Morning.
By a Youth.*

SO sets the Sun, veil'd with the Shades of Night,
To rise with fiercer Rays of native Light :
In Darkness we his tedious Absence mourn,
And with for Day, but at his bright Return, }
Are dazzl'd if we look, and if too near, we burn. }

A S O N G.

I Went to see my Dear, but she
 No sooner saw my Face,
 Than in Disdain she turn'd away,
 And left me in a Maze.

I follow'd, ask'd her what might be
 The Cause she us'd me so.
 She look'd upon me sullenly,
 And, pouting, bid me go.

Pox take your Jilting Tricks, said I,
 Have I this Scorn deserv'd?
 Have I done ought? If not, then why
 Am I thus basely serv'd?

All in a Rage, I curs'd and swore,
 To turn my Love to Hate;
 Resolv'd that I wou'd never more
 Come near the base Ingrate.

At that she cast a tempting Smile,
 And shew'd me such new Charms:
 I stood to think upon't a while,
 Then fled into her Arms.

*Advice from L. H. to the Honourable
Miss M——d——ws.*

ALL Materials are the same,
Of Beauty and Desire,
In a fair Woman's goodly Frame;
No Brightness is without a Flame,
No Flame without a Fire.

If on your Neck your Hair's display'd
In many a careless Ring;
That Heat that serves to curl your Head,
Would make you mad to be a-bed,
And curl another Thing.

If Modesty itself appear
With Blushes in your Face,
Think you the Blood that dances there
Can revel it no other where,
Nor warm another Place?

Ask but of your Philosophy,
What gives your Lips the Balm;
What makes your Breast to heave so high,
What gives such Motion to your Eye,
Or Moisture to your Palm.

Then be not nice, for that betrays,
Celia, thy Thoughts and thee;
There's ne'er a Beauty, nor a Grace,
Adorns thy Body, and thy Face,
But pleads within for Me.

The Chaste Lovers ; or, A Proof of Kissing being more Substantial than Coition.

COME, lovely Creature, come let's kiss
 Who can enjoy a greater Bliss ?
 Let's clasp, and fold, and smile, and prove
 The Charms of true *Platonic Love*.
 As moderate Rays refresh the Earth,
 Burnt with the Rays of scorching Dearth :
 As gentle Rain produces Food,
 When rapid Torrents bring a Flood :
 So Kissing stirs up soft Desire,
 When grosser Pleasures quench the Fire.
 Thus will your Love be ever new,
 Be ever pleasing ever true :
 Be full of Vigour, full of Life ;
 As free from cloying as from Strife.



*On a Female Mischief-Maker. Inscrib'd
 to a certain Lady of Quality.*

FROM Peace and gentler Joys *Devilla* flies,
 And loves to hear the Storms of Anger rise :
 Thus *Hags* and *Witches* hate the smiling Day,
 Sport in loud Thunder, and in Tempests play.
 Her Commendations praise you into Shame,
 And from her Mouth Disparagement is Fame.
 Dissatisfy'd,

Disatisfy'd, if pleas'd, she seeds on Wrong,
And gathering Scandal grows upon her Tongue.
Thus Froth, and baneful Weeds, and floating
(Straws,
Whilst the pure Stream glides on, the Whirlpool
(draws.

In Beauty she Deformity can spy,
And turns all Yellow with her jaundic'd Eye.
To scandalize is Musick to her Ear,
But odious, generous Deeds 'tis Death to hear.
Thus the vile Maggot in Corruption breeds,
Fattens in Filth, and upon Ordure feeds.

O, may She still persist to curse my Name;
Still discommend and rail me into Fame!
So *Phæbus*, thro' the *Zodiac* takes his Way,
And amidst Monsters rises into Day.



Against MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
Your Resolution for a single State :
Ladies, who would live undisturb'd, and free,
Must never put on *Hymen's* Livery.
Perhaps its Outside seems to promise fair,
But underneath is nothing else but Care.
If once you let the *Gornian* Knot be ty'd;
Which turns the Name of Virgin into Bride;
That one fond Act your Life's best Scene
(foregoes,
And leads you in a Labyrinth of Woes ;
Whose

Whose strange *Meanders* you may search about
But never find a Clue to let you out.

The marry'd Life affords you little Ease,
The best of Husbands is so hard to please.
This in Wives careful Faces you may spell,
Tho' they dissemble their Misfortunes well.
No Plague so great as an ill ruling Head.
Yet 'tis a Fate which few young Ladies
(dread :

For Love's insinuating Fire they fan,
With sweet Ideas of a God-like Man.
Chloris and *Phyllis* glory'd in their Swains,
And sung their Praises on the neighb'ring
(Plains.

Oh ! they were brave, accomplish'd, charm-
(ing Men ;
Angels till marry'd, but proud Devils then.
Sure some resistless Pow'r on *Cupid* sides,
Or we should have more Virgins, fewer
(Brides ;

For single Lives afford the most Content,
Secure and Happy, as they're Innocent :
Bright as *Olympus*, crown'd with endless Ease,
And calm as *Neptune* on the *Halcyon* Seas.
Your Sleep is broke with no domestick Cares,
No bawling Children to disturb your Pray'rs :
Therefore, dear Madam, let a friend advise,
Love and its idle Deity despise :
Suppress wild Nature, if it dare rebel ;
There's no such Thing as *leading Apes in Hell*.

Another

Another on the same.

BY what Authority do Clergy,
 In solemn Riddle strictly charge ye,
 As if the Parson were the Centry,
 To watch and ward Loves narrow Entry,
 Or Turnkey of the sacred Padlock,
 That let's you in to lawful Wedlock :
 Who upon Fits still of Erection,
 Must to the Doctor for Direction ;
 Who always does the Patient answer
 By License, or by publick Ban, Sir.
 As if oblig'd to publish *Priapismus*,
 At e'ery *Easter*, *Whitsuntide* and *Christmas*,
 Or else the pert religious Praters,
 Will damn you all for Fornicators,
 Meerly to frighten callow Sinners,
 To Wedding Fees, or Marriage Dinners.
 Is not a jucy Girl more moving,
 Who never knew the Art of Loving ?
 And where's the Harm of this, dear *Fanny* ?
 By Heaven he lies that says there's any.
 A Mistress is a Wife in common,
 Appropriated yet to know Man :
 A Wife's a Miss enclos'd ; for wiving
 'S but a Monopoly of—— .
 A Fox had lost his Tale, and for all
 You are no Fox, you know the Moral.
When Men engag'd would once enslave us,
We'll keep the Freedom Nature gave us.

Some



*Some Account of the TRYAL
of Mr. Harvey of Chippen-
ham in Wiltshire, for ha-
ving Criminal and Unlawful
Conversation with the Wife
of Mr. Gouldney of Chip-
penham aforesaid.*

*Try'd before the Right Honourable Sir
Robert Eyre, Kt. Lord Chief Jus-
tice of the Court of Common-Pleas,
at the first Sitzings in Westminster-
Hall, on Faiday the 28th of Janu-
ary, 1731.*

THE Jury (of which Mr. *Sharplefs* was
Foreman) being impanelled and sworn
to try the Issue depending between Mr.
Gouldney, Plaintiff, and Mr. *Harvey*, De-
fendant, on an Action brought by the
D Plaintiff

Plaintiff for the Defendant's having had *Criminal Conversation* with his Wife, to the great Injury and Discredit of the said Mr. *Gouldney*.

THE Council for the Plaintiff first opened to the Court and the Jury the Heinousness of the Offence, and the peculiar Aggravations attending it ; particularly, that Mr *Gouldney* had been married to his Wife sixteen or seventeen Years, had had eight Children by her, always liv'd in very good Credit, and never let her want for any thing his Circumstances would admit of ; then they proceeded to call their Witnesses to support the Declaration ; which was done as follows, *viz.*

BY the first Witness that was produced it was prov'd, that Mrs. *Gouldney* and the Defendant left *Chippenham* in *Wiltshire*, where her Husband, the Plaintiff, dwell'd, and came together to London about Year and an Half since.

THEN two People, where they had lodged together in *London*, were produced, who depos'd, that the Defendant Mr. *Harvey*, and the Plaintiff's Wife Mrs. *Gouldney*, had lived together as Husband and Wife for several Months in their House ; and that

that at the Time they took the Lodgings, they said, they were married together.

SEVERAL cross Questions were ask'd these Witnesses by Mr. *Kettleby*, who was one of the Council for the Defendant, particularly if they had ever seen them in Bed together, and they both reply'd, that they had divers Times.

AFTER this, it was farther proved on the Part of the Plaintiff, that the Defendant and the Plaintiff's Wife had lodged in another Part of *London*, and that they had lain together as Husband and Wife, and had said several Times they were married. It was likewise farther proved by these Witnesses, that Mrs. *Gouldney*, the Plaintiff's Wife, went by the Name of *Harvey* wherever she went.

AN Officer to the Sheriff of *Wiltshire* deposed, that he arrested the Defendant in an Action for Damages, at the Suit of the Plaintiff Mr. *Gouldney*, and that he put him into *Salisbury* Gaol; that the Defendant removed himself by a *Habeas Corpus* to the *Fleet*, where he now is; and that he brought him up to *London* by Virtue of the said *Habeas Corpus*. He likewise deposed, that he had often heard the Defendant Mr. *Harvey*, while in his Custody, say very passionate

Things relating to his Intrigues with the Plaintiff's Wife.

I T was proved on the Behalf of the Plaintiff by another Witness, that Mr. *Harvey* the Defendant, had at several Times made his Brags of lying with the Plaintiff's Wife; and that in particular, he said he had been doing, what is more proper for the Reader to imagine than me to mention, six Times with the Plaintiff's Wife.

T H E R E were several Witnesses produced, who gave an Account, that Mrs. *Goulden* had often spoke passionately of the Defendant; and that she had frequently said she loved Mr. *Harvey* better than her Husband.

T H E Council for the Plaintiff, as they had already proved the Defendant's cohabiting unlawfully with their Client's Wife, they rested it; and the Council for the Defendant opened, That they hoped if the Jury did give a Verdict for the Plaintiff, they would consider with respect to Damages, that she was an idle, loose Woman, and given to keep Company with other Men besides her Husband long before the Familiarity was said to have been between her and Mr. *Harvey*; and this they did not doubt of proving to the Satisfaction of the Court and the

the Jury, particularly of her keeping Company with the Parson of the Parish of *Chippenham*.

THIS was soon answered by Mr. Serjeant *Baynes* for the Plaintiff; who told the Court, that in Case there should be Witness produc'd of the Parson's being often in private with Mrs. *Gouldney*, yet he did not see which Way that effected their being ludicrous together; for, added he, I have a House myself in the Country and so has a great many Gentlemen present; and as to my Part, (and I believe they will all agree to the same) I take it to be an Honour to have the Company of the Parson; and it may reasonably be suppos'd that he only came to talk with Mrs. *Gouldney* about Matters of Religion, which became him, as being the Father of the Flock.

Mrs. *Gouldney*'s own Brother was produc'd, who depos'd, that his Sister, he believ'd, had been loose for some Years before Mr. *Harvey* had any Acquaintance with her; and that he had heard, that the Reverend Mr. *S——w* Minister of *Chippenham* in *Wiltshire*, had frequently Carnal Knowledge of Mrs. *Gouldney* his Sister.

THIS was also confirm'd by several Witnesses; and likewise that the Plaintiff
used

used his Wife very ill, letting her want the common Necessaries of Life, and would often beat her, and call her Bitch, &c.

But this was contradicted by a Servant of Mr. *Gouldney*, who being produc'd, depos'd, that her Mistress and Master had always lived lovingly together before Mr. *Harvey* was acquainted with Mrs. *Gouldney*, and that her Mistress never wanted for any Thing.

IN order to aggravate the Damage, it was proved, that Mr. *Gouldney* had been married about 17 Years to this Woman, and had eight Children by her.

THE Council for the Plaintiff said many Things upon this, in order to get the greater Damages ; and several Instances were courted as Presidents of the large Damages that had been given in former Cases of the like Nature, particularly of a Footman who was cast in Five Thousand Pounds Damages for holding *Criminal* and *Unlawful Conversation* with his Mistress some Years since.

THE Council on both Sides argued very learnedly ; and it was admitted by the Defendant's Council, that a Verdict ought to be given for the Plaintiff ; but then they hoped it would be with small Damages, for the

the two following Reasons, *viz.* First, That the Plaintiff's Wife was a Woman of a very bad Character long before the Defendant had any Intimacy with her, which they were of Opinion had been fully prov'd, even by Mrs. *Gouldney's* own Brother ; Secondly, That Mr. *Harvey* the Defendant was a Man of a slender Fortune, and a younger Brother.

THE Witnesses being all heard, and the Council gone through their several Briefs, his Lordship proceeded to sum up the Evidence, and give his Charge to the Jury, which he did in a very pathetick and candid manner ; first, beginning with the several Depositions of the Evidences that had been given for the Plaintiff, and inform'd the Jury, that he thought the *Conversation* was plainly and positively prov'd upon the Defendant.

THE next Thing his Lordship took Notice of was the Evidence that had been given for the Defendant, in order for their proving her to be a common, ill Woman ; that she had kept Company with divers other Men besides the Defendant and her Husband ; but this his Lordship said did not effect the Proof that had been given before for the Plaintiff.

THEN

T H E N his Lordship enter'd into the Nature of the Thing, laying open the Heinousness of the Crime; and telling the Jury, that if they found a Verdict for the Plaintiff, they ought to give him Damages accordingly.

T H E Jury withdrew for about an Hour, and, upon their Return, gave a Verdict for the Plaintiff, and One Thousand Pounds Damages.



A Dialogue between two Ladies of Quality, concerning the Report of a Maid of Distinction being with Child.

Laloeffa.

MADAM, I thank you for your Visit now,
 Why, this is kind and neighbourly, I
 Sit down, pray, Madam; and what News d'you
 (vow;
 (hear?

Sophronia

Why, none at all; I seldom e'er inquire,
 What other People do, or say, in Town;
 For each one's Thoughts and Actions are their own.

Laloeffa.

But you talk strangely, Cousin; Is it true?
 What, never mind what other People do?
 I hope you are no Enemy to that Fashion,
 That great Support of genteel Conversation:
 For if a Lady comes to Town to see
 A Lady, *Tales* are pretty Company.
 I was at *Madam's* t'other Day, and who
 D'you think came by, but *Bellemira* — You!
 Tawdry at Fifty, and a perfect Blowze,
 Lord! had you seen her Dress, and large white
 Fruze,
 You would have split your Sides with laughing,
 Cuz.

E

Sophronia.

Sophronia.

No more of this; Infirmities there'll be,
In Age, in Youth, in Rags and Quality;
Affected Look, soft Smiles, and winning Air,
And wrinkled Age, attempting to be Fair,
Are common Follies; but the greatest still
Is unreform'd of ever speaking Ill.

Laloeffa.

Do not ill Actions merit publick Shame ?

Sophronia.

But You talk not to mend, but to defame.

Laloeffa.

Would you have all without Distiction pass?

Sophronia.

Virtue good natur'd is, and ever was,
Severe unto itself alone; and she
Lessens the Credit of her worth to me,
Whose Fame wants the Support of others In-
(famy.

Suspect the Woman, when no Fear's upon her,
That starts, and claps her Hands upon her *Honour*;
Who in all Companies, *I'm Chaste*, cries out,
'Till, what we doubted' of, we doubt:
Who for nice Reasons blasts another's Name;
The most Censorious are the most to blame.
Guilt clears the Sight with a discerning Eye,
Naked we others Nakedness defy.

Leloeffa.

Laloeffa.

But surely I may talk of what I hear.

Sophronia.

To make the Lewdness of the Town appear,
And how unjust their groundless Censures are.
You know what has been said of pretty V——,
The common Scandal, and the common Game;
And there's not a Person to be found,
That's more discreet in Town, or grave, or sound.

Laloeffa.

But I've my News from Master *such a one*:

Sophronia

Ne'er trust a Man that never dines at Home:
For such invent to make an equal Treat,
They feed you with *Discourse*, you *them* with *Meat*,

Laloeffa.

Must then all pleasant Conversation fail,
And dull Good-Nature above Wit prevail?

Sophronia.

Excellent Proof of Wit, indeed, to rail!
Weak Malice tinctur'd with a little Sense,
And a gay, nauseous, chearful Confidence,
Make up the wretched Compound, I despise
Injurious Nonsense, founded upon Lyes.
And this, when you'r enrag'd yourselves, you own,
A hellish Lie! but what won't this damn'd Town?

You with much Truth, and much concern ex-
(claim,
And yet, at once, you practise what you blame.

Laloeffa.

At this rate, half the Town must silent sit.

Saphronia.

Can you want Compass for your boasted Wit?
When dying Reputations, every where,
Lie basely wounded, and demand Repair.
Haste, the Breath of a good Name is gone:
In vain You seek to find a Cure, there's none.
But now Business calls me Home, Adieu.

Laloeffa.

Good Night. There's no one fond of Such as
(you.



*A Funeral Poem to the Memory of Mrs.
Gascoigne.*

DEATH is a Debt, which all to Nature owe,
And soon, or late, the Change must undergo.
Not Virtue's self has the prevailing Power,
To stop one Moment the appointed Hour;
But all the Summons of Tyranick Death;
All must be forc'd to yield their latest Breath.
Th' obliging, constant Husband, who has prov'd,
The Joy of loving, and of being lov'd,
Reap'd

Reap'd ev'ry Comfort, ev'ry Bliss of Life,
 From the true Friendship of a virtuous Wife,
 Now grieves in vain this Change in vain he mourns,
 The deaf, the silent Grave makes no Returns;
 And the great Loss which he does now sustain,
 No Wealth can purchase back, or Tears regain.
 For cou'd the truest Love, cou'd be express'd,
 From a kind Husband's ever careful Breast,
 T'have still prolong'd her Life, have found a Way
 He had not yet beheld this mournful Day.

But all in vain his tender Love is found,
 Only to make his Sorrows more abound.
 His belov'd *Gascoigne* is, alas! no more,
 And nothing can his matchless Loss restore;
 Yet 'midst of his Affliction, he does know,
 This Comfort will for ever with him go.
 That Wisdom order'd all her Steps of Life,
 Chaste when a Maid, and faithful when a Wife;
 Who in her Nuptial State her self did prove,
 In Honour to the Husband she did love,
 A prudent Mother to her Children dear,
 Teaching her Children all to persevere,
 In Virtue's Ways, making themselves approv'd,
 And, like their Mother, for her Worth belov'd.

Since so transcendent was her Goodness here,
 And since so fair her Virtues did appear;
 Cease then our Tears to flow, our Sorrows cease,
 Since she is gone to everlasting Peace;
 To those pure Regions of eternal Rest,
 Free from all Trouble, with no Care oppress'd;
 Where without Mixture Joys the Soul does know,
 Which in one constant Course will always flow.

A B A L L A D.

DORINDA has such mighty Charms,
 Such an attracting Air,
 None can resist her conqu'ring Darts,
 But gladly yeild their captiv'd Hearts,
 To so divine a Fair.

So the mysterious Loadstone's Pow'r,
 The wandring Atoms draws,
 From Pole to Pole they take their Course,
 Confin'd by an intrinsic Force,
 To circle in its Laws.

Magnetick Pow'r her Charms conceal ;
 But then here lies the Riddle ;
 The Loadstone does its Force extend,
 And strongest draws at either End,
Dorinda in the Middle.

*Love between Age and Youth.*

PHILLIS, why should you me disdain,
 Because I can't, as *Æon* can,
 Present you with a thousand Toys,
 Instead of more substantial Joys ?
 'Tis just that he his Bliss should buy,
 T'atone for his Deficiency:

But

But I, who am in blooming Spring,
 A much-môre graceful Tribute bring:
 I at your Feet can lay a Heart,
 That's full of Love in ev'ry Part;
 Can quench those Fires, which his old Age
 Can only raise, but not assuage.

Phillis, for once, take my Advice,
 Th'old Dotard's sordid Wealth despise;
 Bid the old Sot march with his Cash,
 And tell him you condemn the Trash;
 And then let me his Place supply:
 I'll hold my Life, if once you try
 The Change you'll by Experience find,
 That I advi'sd you as a Friend.



V E R S E S *on the Institution of a new
 Order for the Ladies.*

N EWS! Ladies, glorious News! 'tis printed too,
 Therefore beyond Dispute, it must be true.
 The Female Interest at Court gains Ground,
 And Women with fresh Honours will be crown'd.
 No longer are the Men alone to shine
 With Garrers, Stars, and various Ribbands fine.
 We shall at last recover our just Rights,
 And shall be dub'd a Sort of Female Knights.
 With ceremonious State shall be install'd,
 By diff'rent Names and Titles shall be call'd;

Shall

Shall be with Mottos, Arms and Badges deck'd,
And our *own Honours* (if we can) protect.

The two chief Orders, Ladies! now design'd,
I've heard, but with strict Secresy enjoin'd:
However, I must prove, I'm Woman true;
For I shall burst, if I don't tell 'em you.

The first grand Order is of Virgins fair,
Who can bring Vouchers, they've been Toasts }
(three Year. }

Pshaw! we have those have stood it twenty here.
Just in the Place where Ducal Stars appear,
Are you, who this great Honour gain, to wear
A gilded Nutmeg curiously imboss,
And to be call'd, *Knights Ladies of the Toast*.

The next great Honour is design'd for Those
Who're happy in the Matrimonial Noose:
Who shall make Oath, that from the Marriage-
(Day,

They never did, and never will obey.
A Silver Pair of *Breeches* neatly wrought,
Such as you see upon an old Rump-Groat,
(Which Emblem our Good Grandfires chose to
(boast

To all the World, the *Tail was uppermost*)
Each ruling Dame, who has the Honour got,
Is bound to wear by Way of Shoulder-Knot.
Then 'twill be known whenever she appears,
She's of the illustrious Order of *Grey Mares*.

Oh now! ye Knights o'th' Garter, Thistle, Bath,
The Female Chevaliers will beat you, Faith!
The Isle throughout to Ladies of the Toast
Shall Bumpers quaff— and *Grey Mares rule the Roast*.

*The Maiden Wife; or, Nature Padlock'd;
being a curious Poem on a certain young
Dutchess who was made a Woman by
Art, and restored to her Duke some
time after Separation.*

THERE was a Time when Lords and
(Princes
(But pass'd, Alas! that Time long since is)
Would tend their Flocks upon the Plain.
Nor did they think it a Disdain;
The grateful Flocks repaid their Care,
With Fleecy Tributes ev'ry Year.
Arcadia's Shepherds soon grew Wealthy,
Their Bags were cram'd, their Bodies healthy;
At Home their Flocks increas'd amain,
Abroad their Ews upon the Plain.

Young *Corydon*, a Shepherd gay,
Who lov'd to *Sport*, to Dance and *Play*,
Immensely rich, and thorough paced,
Whom Titles next to *Royal* graced,
Scarce fix'd his Eyes on *Chremes* Daughter,
But strait his Mouth began to Water.
Chremes had Titles great as he;
But yet too forward would not be;
And *Phillis* kept him at a Distance,
Knowing Love warms upon Resistance;
And tho' enamour'd with the Youth,
She cunningly conceal'd the Truth.

But not too long the Time to dally,
 And play the Fool with *shall I, shall I?*
 The Priest with Matrimonial Chain,
 Fetter'd fair *Phillis* with the Swain.
Chremes gave twenty thousand Sheep
 In Dower, and open House did keep;
Avara too, the Nymphs Grandmother,
 Thought fit to give without much Pother,
 Out of her infinite great Store,
 A Flock of thirty thousand more.

Oft labour'd hard the joyful Swain,
 But all his Labour was in vain;
 Oft clasp'd the Nymph within his Arms,
 In hopes to rifle all her Charms;
 But, ah! the Cabinet, where lay
 The Jem that stole his Heart away,
Padlock'd by Nature was so fast,
 To open it his Skill surpass'd.
 Young *Corydon* enrag'd at this,
 And disappointed of his Bliss,
 Would lead no longer such a Life,
 So home he sent his *Maiden Wife*.

Soon as *Avara* heard the News,
 Pensive she sat, began to Muse,
 And falling into a brown Study,
 Her once clear Brains did now grow muddy:
 But rallying her scattered Senses,
 Which had elop'd their natural Fences,
 She left the Chair where she was seated,
 And with herself expostulated,

Phillis (or I am much mistaken)
 Can play her Part; why then forsaken?

What

What could provoke the Youth to quit her ?
 Or had he *Nothing that could fit her ?*
 She wants for neither Wit or Beauty ;
 Perhaps she kept him to *hard Duty*,——
 Or may be since all *Flesh is frail* ;
 He saw her play at *Head and Tail*,
 If this should prove to be the Matter,
 Why did not he then watch her *Water* ?
 Why should this put him in the *Hyp* ?
 When at the worst 'tis but a *Slip*.
 To *Chremes* House I now will go,
 And there the real Truth will know.

Phillis, unwilling to reveal,
 What she with Care did long conceal,
 Compell'd at last, by much Persuasion,
 Declar'd the Cause of *Separation* :
 And is it so ? *Avara* cry'd,
 The Youth had Reason on his Side.
 Since Nature play'd so cross a Part,
 Then *Nature* shall be foil'd by *Art*.
 Give me my Barnacles——let's see——
C'est Justement en Verite ;
 Then for *Chirurgos* straight,
 With little Pain to give Content :
 To him of all she made Detection,
 And bid him follow her Direction ;
 For well I know, quoth she, *What's What*,
 As he that ere put *Flesh in Pot*.
 The Padlock quickly he remov'd,
 By which his Skill this Artist prov'd.
 For *Corydon Avera* sends,
Phillis and he are made good Friends.

Avara bids him now look gay,
 Chear up, and drive the *Hip* away :
 Quoth she, with Vigour strive again,
 Your Labour will not be in vain ;
 Exert, and shew yourself a Man :
 Your *Parts* display, do what you can.
 The Cause remov'd, don't think to flinch,
Phillis won't bate you, Sir, an Inch.

Then to encourage him the more,
 Shee doubl'd what she gave before :
 Like Bride and Bridegroom home they went,
 The Nymph was pleas'd, the Swain content.

~~~~~

*The Six wanton Maids ; or, the Amours  
 of P. Alexis. A new Ballad.*

Tune of, *Pretty Parrot say.*

**L** END thy Aid, my Muse,  
 And do not refuse  
 To assist me now I chouse  
 For my Theme Fair Ladies,  
 Smooth and rough,  
 Tender, tough,  
 Brisk enough,  
 As you shall see on *May days* ;

Full



Full of Love were all,  
 Full of Love were all,  
 Not dreaming of a Fall.

Squabby, short and fat,  
 But at her Stern flat,  
 All in her *Straw-Leghorn Hat*,  
 To avoid the *Dead-house*.  
 Nymph most true,  
 Dress'd in Blue,  
 From *Purlieu*,  
 Walks abroad Miss M——s,  
 Then to *princely* Sport,  
 Then to *princely* Sport,  
 She straightway did resort.

Full of Pride and Scorn,  
 Thus she spends each Morn,  
 Sure as she was born,  
 While her potent Rival,  
 Pretty V——  
 Full of Pain,  
 To regain  
 Her Lover does contrive all ;

But

But in vain does plead,  
 But in vain does plead  
 The pregnat, pregnant *Maid*.

To quench *Alexi's* Fire,  
 Full of warm Desire  
*M——t* does retire  
 To a Corner dodging,  
 There 'till late  
 She does wait,  
 Then in State  
 Repairs unto his Lodging ;  
 She supplies his Wants,  
 She supplies his Wants,  
 And th'other two supplants.

But another Dame,  
 With her am'rons Flame,  
 Tho' I do not find her Name  
 Mention'd by Herald *Guilliam*,  
 Out of spite,  
 In the Night,  
 She took Flight ;  
 O, bravely done *F----*

She

She *Alexis* gain'd,  
 She *Alexis* gain'd,  
 And then sole Monarch reign'd.

Let the Nymph beware,  
 And take 'special Care,  
 Lest another *Maiden Fair*  
 Does in time dethrone her;  
 For if *D---*  
 Does contrive  
 To make Five,  
 Who will then bemoan her?  
 Willing is the *Maid*,  
 Willing is the *Maid*,  
 To venture not afraid.

If this comes to pass,  
 Then another *Lass*,  
 When the Five are sent to *Grass*,  
 Makes the Number even:  
 Don't forget  
*C---*,  
 She's a Wit,  
 O, that there were full seven!

'Tis



'Tis a merry Main,  
 'Tis a merry Main  
 To nick, then throw again.

But among these Six  
*M*—s cannot fix  
 My Heart with all her Tricks,  
 For she's a wretch'd Hobler ;  
 A Porter's Gait  
 (That's her Fate)  
 I do hate,  
 O, may she wed some Cobler,  
 Who will, like a Friend,  
 Who will, like a Friend,  
 Instruct her how to *mend*.



*The Lucky Dwarf : or, the Marriage of  
a young Lady-Lord to a Carbuncle,  
Rich Heiress. A new Ballad.*

Tune of, *Packington's Pound,*

I.

**Y**E Jolly young *Bellces*, and ye well-power'd  
(*Beaux.*)  
Who flant it about in your gaudy new Cloaths;  
Be silent and graciously lend me an Ear;  
A Tale without Flatt'ry, or Guile ye shall hear:  
The Truth I rehearse  
In plain honest Verse,  
The Subject is curious, and eke very scarce;  
My Song's just come out of the Mint, on my  
(Word,  
'Tis of a young Lady, and a young *Lady-Lord*.

II.

This Lady, 'tis said had a rubicond Face,  
Which many Carbuncles, and Pearls did grace;  
All Men did proclaim her a clever young Lass,  
Who drank of her Bottle, but hated a Glass.  
She never would deal  
By Way of *Retale*,  
The Method she follow'd was always *Wholesale*;  
For she could command good as ever were sold,  
Twice seventy five thousand Pieces of Gold.

G

III.

### III.

A Lady so wealthy was quickly discover'd,  
And o'er her a Flight of Lords, Dukes, Earls,  
                                                hover'd;  
They vow'd and protested their Hearts were on  
                                                (Fire,  
And no one but she could allay their Desire.  
    Their Visits they pay'd,  
    Fee'd *Betty* the Maid,  
Which she with fair Promises often display'd;  
She had learn'd from Courtiers the *Courtier* to play,  
And fobb'd ev'ry one off from Day unto Day.

#### IV.

Her Mistress grown weary with *Chit Chat* and  
(*Prattle*,  
Resolv'd to be free from their *Nonsense* and *Tattle*:  
One Day she invited each *Noble* dull Sinner,  
And treated them handsomely, then after Dinner,  
In prophetick Jest  
She told ev'ry Guest,  
That she would by no Man alive be possess'd ;  
For now I declare to you all on my Word,  
My Husband shall be a fine young *Lady-Lord*.

V.

O! what a Confussion of Faces were seen!  
How *pale* and dismay'd look'd the *Red, Blue, and*  
*(Green!*  
But when the good News to the *Lady-Lord* came,  
He made his Addresses unto the rich Dame.  
A *Pigmy* was he  
In ev'ry Degree,  
As vain and conceited as any could be;  
Some call'd him a *Man*, and some call'd him a *Boy*,  
But the old Woman call'd him a *Hobbedy-boy*.  
Quoth



1994

Quoth the Lady, tho' he's a *Dwarf* of a Lord,  
Yet Pleasure and Pastime he'll surely afford,  
The Proverb must certainly be on his Side,  
And when e'er he will he shall make me his Bride.  
So wedded they were,  
To Bed they repair,  
But no Man can tell what it was they did there;  
The Proverb, said she, I find nothing avails,  
*Little* Creatures there are, who have not *long T—ls*.

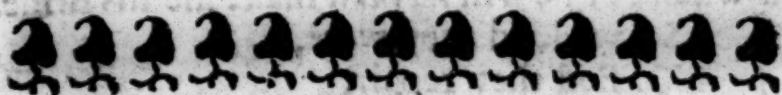
What a Fool have I been to chuse a Dwarf-Spouse!  
My great Mountain-hopes are now turn'd to a  
(Moufe ;  
Why did I not chuse for my Husband a *Man* ?  
For now I am baulk'd let me do what I can.  
I curse my hard Fate,  
But, Oh ! 'tis too late,  
This Anguish of Mind I *myself* did create ;  
The *Pigmy*, sure, catch'd me, when void of all  
(Thinking,  
And this is the Fruit of old *Nants* and *hard Drinking*.



Epistle from a Swain to *PHILLIS*

**F**AIN I wou'd have leave to tell  
The Charms that on your Bosom dwell;  
Describe it like some flow'ry Field,  
That does ten thousand Pleasures yeild;

'A thousand gliding Springs and Groves,  
 All Receptacles for *Loves*.  
 But Oh! What *Phillis* hides, must be  
 Ever sacred kept by me.



On false *DIANA*.

**O**H! How at Ease my Heart wou'd live,  
 Cou'd I renounce this Fugitive;  
 This dear (but false) attracting Maid,  
 That has her Vows and Faith betray'd!  
 Reason wou'd have it so; but Love  
 Dares not the dang'rous Tryal prove.

F I N I S.



